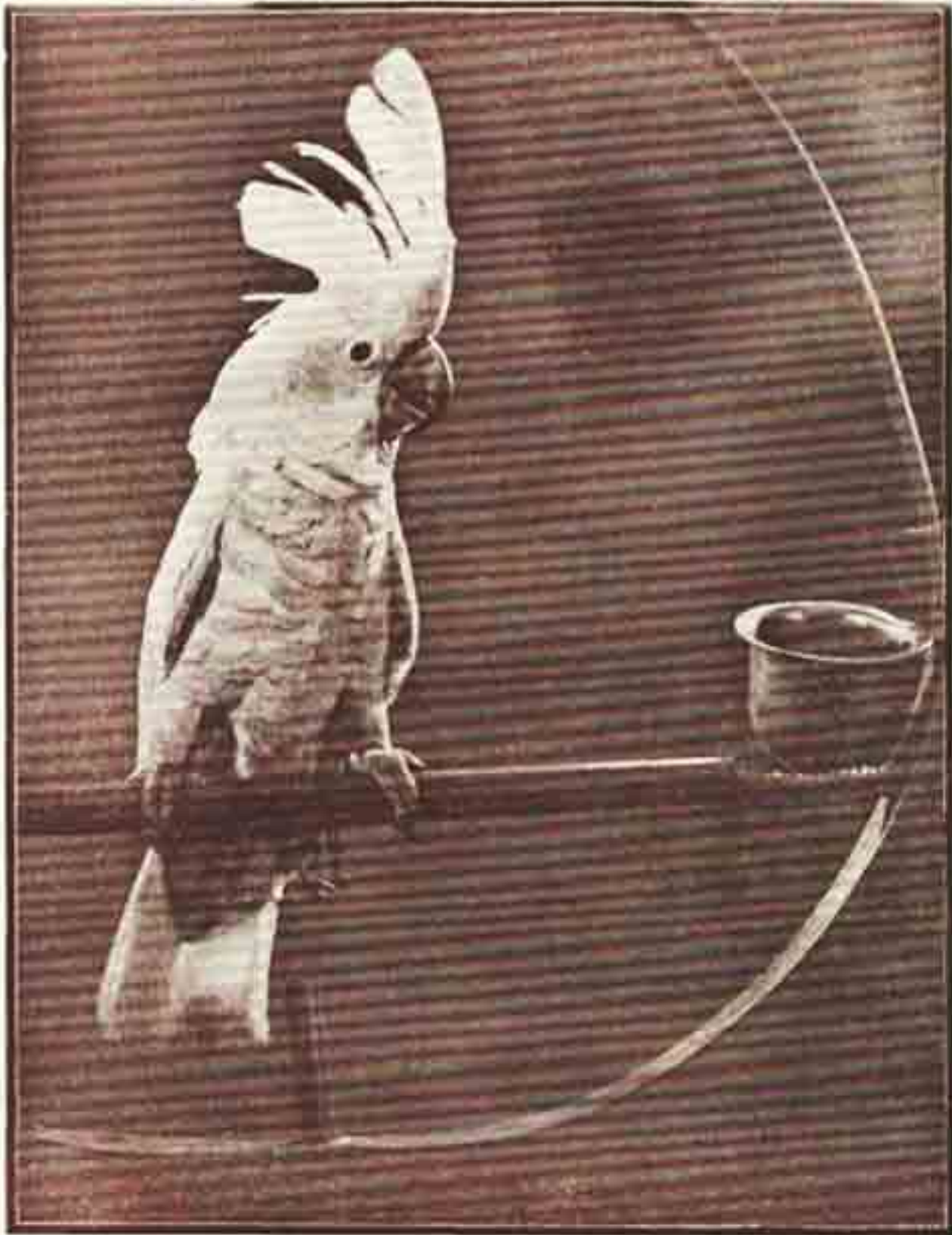


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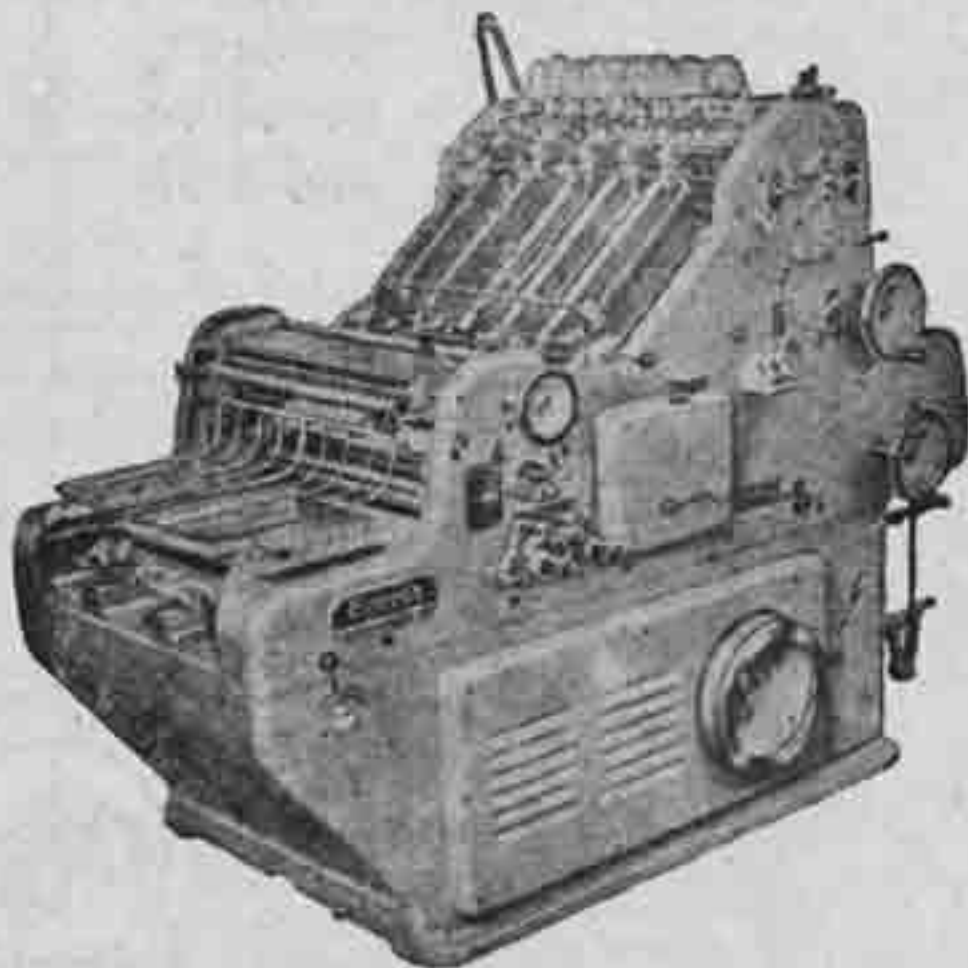
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WE are very glad to place this issue in your hands. "Chandamama" has been appearing in seven Indian languages. Now it has begun appearing in English too.

Everybody is fond of stories. There is a great joy in reading or listening to a nice story. In olden days some kings engaged story-tellers in order to derive this joy. Some of the teachers told their pupils tales of wit and wisdom instead of dry lessons. And these pupils got really educated by listening to them.

Those days are gone but the stories have remained. "Chandamama" brings to you these wise, old stories and gives you the same joy that kings of old derived from their story-tellers. The charm of the stories is enhanced by nice and colourful illustrations. We hope you will like this issue immensely.

Vol. I

JULY 1955

No. 1



THE FRONT COVER

Many of you, no doubt, heard of Noah and his Ark and the Flood. There is a similar, but slightly different, story in our mythology. It runs thus:

Vaivaswata, the great Manu, was doing penance on the banks of the Ganges. One day he found a small fish inside his water bowl. And the fish said, "O Manu, put me where I shall be safe from bigger fish."

So the Manu put the fish in a small tub and in a few days the fish was too big for the tub. So he transferred the fish to a small pond. Soon the fish was too big for the pond too. The Manu transferred it to the Ganges.

The fish still kept growing. One day it said, "O Manu, Mother Ganges is not deep enough for me. So I am going out into the open sea. But, before I go, I want to tell you one thing. There is a huge flood coming. The entire creation will be destroyed. Obtain a boat and fill it with seeds of all important plants. Get the Seven Great Rishis into the boat. Then I shall come and help you."

The Flood came. The Manu obtained a boat and filled it with all sorts of seeds. He also took into his boat the Seven Great Rishis. The mighty Fish who was none other than Lord Vishnu tugged the boat to a Himalayan peak where it remained till the Flood receded.

Later, Vaivaswata, the Manu, started recreation on earth.



THE PROCURATOR

At the time when Brahmadrutt was the ruler of Banaras, the Bodhisatva was employed as the king's procurator.

The procurator's job was to buy the various properties and commodities that were required for state purposes. He had to be an expert in estimating the value of things.

The Bodhisatva would buy elephants, horses, gold, silver and so on for the kingdom and pay the merchants who brought them.

As procurator the Bodhisatva was very capable, so that the royal stores were always filled with the right things and the best things. He was also very thoughtful and foreseeing in his purchases, so that the adminis-

tration was never held up for the want of a particular commodity which was urgently needed. He was also very fair-minded in his dealings with merchants and traders from other countries, so that the name of Banaras was respected in far-off places.

Now, King Brahmadrutt was a miser. He thought that his procurator was paying too much for everything and squandering away the state moneys. "At this rate I shall be bankrupt in no time," he said to himself.

The next act of the king was to dismiss the Bodhisatva and appoint some one else in his place. This he did in the easiest possible manner. He opened the window of his chamber and looked down. There were some



of his attendants standing about. He selected one of them at random and ordered him to come up. When this unknown and insignificant fellow came up, the king told him, "From now on you are my procurator."

The king hoped that a common fellow without any rank or status would buy nothing without higgling and haggling and would be more economical in his purchases. But this particular man was quite a fool and the king didn't know it.

The new procurator could not distinguish between a donkey and

a horse, but he was an expert in offering astoundingly low value for anything he had to buy.

The merchants who came from far off countries could hardly kick up rows with the king's official. So they used to sustain huge losses on state purchases. They had to make good these losses somewhere else.

In his anxiety to buy cheap things the new procurator bought *useless and unwanted things*. These began to accumulate in the royal store. Even when some of them were stolen no one felt their loss.

The foolish procurator could not guess what commodities would be required in the near future. Administration was often held up for want of something which was urgently needed. Above all, the name of Banaras acquired a very bad reputation abroad and good merchants stopped going to that city for fear of the procurator.

One day a merchant arrived at Banaras with five hundred horses of very good breed. The king

came to know of it and instructed his procurator to buy them up.

The procurator called for the merchant, looked over the horses and fixed their price—a measure of rice!

The merchant was astounded but did not protest. But straightaway he sought the Bodhisatva, the ex-procurator, and told him what had happened.

"The new procurator seems to be a queer person. I depend upon you, sir, to see that I get justice," the merchant said.

The Bodhisatva pondered over the problem for a while and said:

"When you go to court tomorrow to receive the value for your horses, ask the procurator what he is going to pay. When he says, a measure of rice, ask him what the value of a measure of rice is. Let us see what will happen next. I too shall be in the court."

The merchant put his faith in the Bodhisatva, thanked him and took his leave.

Next day, in court, the merchant addressed the procurator



and said, "Sir, you bought from me five hundred horses of the best variety. May I know before witnesses what I am going to be paid for them?"

"Why, a measure of rice, of course. I told you so, yesterday," replied the procurator.

This reply amazed everyone in the court, including the king.

The merchant put his next question, "And may I know before witnesses what the value of a measure of rice may be?"

"Ah, anyone can tell you that. The value of a measure of rice is exactly equal to the value of the

kingdom of Banaras and her dependencies," said the procurator.

Like anyone who is considered to be a good bargainer the procurator was exaggerating the value of what he was *paying* and depreciating what he was *buying*. But being a born fool, he overdid it. That was all.

The entire court resounded with peels of laughter at the stupidity of the procurator.

Some of them even made jokes about it by estimating how many kingdoms each one of them could buy with rice stored in their houses; in how many days a good eater could gobble up a kingdom and so on.

The only persons who could not enjoy the joke were the foolish procurator and the ashamed king who employed him. When some of the courtiers asked

the procurator to buy them a couple of palaces for a handful of rice, the king bent his head in mortification.

The Bodhisatva decided to put a stop to this jocularly. He stood up and said:

"Do not mock at a man for his ignorance. When a man is entrusted with a job for which he is not qualified he is bound to make laughing-stock of himself sooner or later. It is not this poor fellow's fault that he was made the procurator."

The king raised his head and said, "The fault was mine. O Bodhisatva, I have learnt my lesson. No one can do wrong except the king."

The king at once removed the new man from the job of procurator and put the Bodhisatva back in his place.



WHO IS THE THIEF?



secretly buried it at a certain place in the woods.

Every day he used to go to the woods and make sure that no one touched his treasure.

But one day the Brahman went to the spot as usual and found to his horror that some one had made away with his hoard of gold. At once the poor Brahman went crazy with sorrow. He ran to the city crying loudly, beating his chest and telling every one that his gold was stolen. Seeing no one to share his great sorrow, the Brahman decided to fall into the river and end his wretched life.

King Prasenajit who was returning from a bath in the river met him and learnt about the tragedy that befell the Brahman.

"Why do you want to kill yourself, O Brahman?" said the King. "I am here to inquire into

While King Prasenajit was ruling the city of Sravasthi, a destitute Brahman came to that city in search of livelihood. Fortunately for him he found favour with the rich merchants there. Besides enough of food and clothing, he accumulated a good deal of money. He converted all this money into a thousand gold pieces and



any theft that is committed in this kingdom. I shall restore your lost treasure or compensate you from my treasury. Now, tell me whether there was any mark to indicate the spot where you buried the gold."

"Yes, sire. There was a wild cucumber plant over my treasure. Now that too is gone," replied the Brahman.

"There may be many such plants in the woods. How can that be a proper mark?" said the King.

"No, sire. This was the only wild cucumber plant in the entire vicinity," the Brahman replied.

"Now, tell me, could any one have known that you have hidden your gold in the woods?" asked the king.

"Not a soul. Nor did any one ever follow me to the woods," the Brahman replied.

The king went to his palace and thought over the problem till he found a way to catch the man who took the gold.

He called his minister and said to him, "I do not feel quite well. I should like to see some doctors. Can you please arrange to bring to me every doctor in the city?"

It was soon done. All the doctors assembled outside the king's private chamber. As each doctor was ushered in, the king asked him, "Who are your present patients? What medicines have you given them?" The doctors answered these questions and the king sent them away.

At last one doctor said, "Sire, yesterday I gave the juice of a wild cucumber plant to the rich merchant, Matri-dutt."

The king immediately got interested and said, "I see. Where could you get this plant?"

"Sire, It is not a common plant in these parts. My servant found it in the woods after a great deal of searching," replied the doctor.

"We would like your servant to present himself before us at once," the king told the doctor.

Soon the doctor's servant was standing before the king.

"What did you do with the gold which you found when you dug up the wild cucumber plant?" the king asked him.

The doctor's servant turned pale at this question. Shivering with fear he replied, "I kept it safe in my house, Your Majesty."

"That is fine", said the King. "That gold belongs to such-and-such a Brahman. Restore it to him at once."



The servant took leave, feeling as though he had been saved from the gallows.

Now, the minister was watching the entire proceedings without understanding a thing. He was very much impressed with the ease with which the King laid his hands on the real culprit. He wanted to know how the King could do it.

The King smiled at the minister's question and said :

“My job was to find out which one out of the entire population of the city could have dug up that gold. According to the Brahman nobody knew that there was gold under the plant. So whoever thought of digging at that spot must have done so

for the plant but not for the gold. There was no such plant anywhere else in the neighbourhood. So if any one *did* need the plant he had to dig *only* where the gold was hidden. Had anyone dug only for the gold, he would have thrown the plant away. Unless the man came for the plant, *both* the plant and the gold need not have disappeared.

"Now, who would be in need of a wild cucumber plant except a doctor? What all I had to do was to call up all the doctors in the city and find out which of them used this plant for medical purposes."

The minister was amazed at the powers of deduction displayed by King Prasenajit.





SHIVA & MADHAVA

In the city of Ratnapur there were two young friends called Shiva and Madhava. They had heard that the King of Ujjain had a *purohit* called Shankarasmami who amassed a lot of wealth and concealed it underground. They wanted to get it.

Shiva arrived in Ujjain first, disguised as a Brahman bachelor. He entered a *math* on the banks of the *Sipra*. His entire property consisted of a begging-bowl and a deer-skin. Shiva would smear his whole body with mud, bathe in the river and stand on his head for a while facing the sun. Then he would go to the temple of Lord Shiva, and worship the

god with pure white flowers. Past noon, he would beg food at three doors only, divide it into three equal parts, throw one part to the birds, give one part to the hungry and eat the third part himself. In short, Shiva was living up to the ideal of a pious Brahman bachelor mendicant. And people said, "Oh, what a great man! How pure he is!"

After a few days Madhava too entered Ujjain. He was dressed like a rich prince with a retinue and caskets of wealth. He acquired suitable lodgings and went for a bath in the *Sipra*. There he saw Shiva standing on



his head with his eyes closed in penance. At once Madhava prostrated himself before Shiva exclaiming, "How fortunate that I should meet you again, Holy Man!" By this Shiva knew that Madhava had arrived, but he did not even open his eyes.

That night Shiva and Madhava met secretly and had a good time eating and drinking. They also made plans to rob the King's *Purohit* of his secret wealth.

Next day Madhava went to the *purohit* with a gift of fine

clothes and told him, "Sir, I am a prince, Madhava by name. I come from the South. I have been swindled by people of my own clan and come to spend my days in this distant place. I lack no wealth. But my attendants insist that I get engaged as a courtier. I know you are the best man to help me in this matter. I can repay you in several ways."

The King's *Purohit*, Shankaraswami was a covetous fellow. It was said that he had a half-share in every gift the King had made to any one during several years. He had filled his wealth in seven pots which he buried in his back-yard.

Shankaraswami easily managed to get Madhava employed in the King's Court. He also suggested that Madhava should reside in his own house and get all amenities and comforts.

Now Madhava was comfortably lodged in Shankaraswami's house. Every day he would attend

court and come home. In the evenings he would take out a jewel or two out of a full jug and show the huge diamonds and other precious stones to Shankaraswami.

After some days Madhava began complaining that he had dyspepsia and stopped taking any food. In a few days he became emaciated due to starvation and took to bed. One day he called the *purohit* and told him, "Dear sir, I am going to

die. I want to give away all my wealth to a holy man. Kindly find a proper man and bring him to me."

The *purohit* brought several Brahmans but Madhava turned all of them down, saying, "For heaven's sake, can't you find a better man?"

At last some of the neighbours advised the *purohit* to find out the holy bachelor who was residing at the *math*. The *purohit* found Shiva and requested him,





"Sir, come along and accept the gift of some precious stones from a dying man."

Shiva laughed and said, "I am a bachelor. What am I to do with precious stones? Go and find some family man who will enjoy the gift."

"No, no. Don't say that. The dying man wants some one like you. You need not be a bachelor all your life. Take this gift, marry and be happy," said the *purohit*.

"I am a stranger here. No one will give his daughter in marri-

age to me. So, please, leave me alone," said Shiva.

"I will give you my daughter. Only, come at once and take the gift. That man is at death's door," said the *purohit*.

Shiva followed the *purohit* to his house and took the gift of the precious jug, saying, "I do not know what this jug contains. I am taking it only for the satisfaction of the dying man."

But the man did not die. As by magic Madhava began to feel better and better. Slowly he began to take nourishment and within a few days was restored to complete health.

"There is not the least doubt that the gift I made to the holy man washed away all my sins and saved me from the jaws of death," Madhava announced to every one.

The *purohit* kept his word and gave Shiva his daughter in marriage. Soon after, Madhava found separate lodgings for him-

self. Shiva took his place and enjoyed the hospitality that was due to him as a son-in-law.

One day Shiva told his father-in-law, "I've lived long enough under your roof. It is time that I set up my own home with my wife. What all I have is the gift I received from Madhava. As I can't live by gold and precious stones, I wish that you take it and give me money in exchange."

The father-in-law said, "My boy, we cannot assess the value of all those gems so easily."

Shiva replied, "I do not care for the value of the gift. It was you who had it given to me and it is you I want to give it to. Give me as much money as you have and I shall be satisfied."

Shankaraswami dug up the wealth he had buried in the back-yard and transferred it to his son-in-law. He was afraid that his son-in-law might go back upon his word. So he executed



letters of sale and got them properly signed and attested. With this money Shiva set up house and gave half of it to Madhava as was originally arranged between them.

After a time the *purohit* picked out one jewel from the jug and took it to a diamond merchant to find its value.

He had a shock when the merchant examined it briefly and returned it saying, "This is a fake. These are bits of cheap glass studded in brass."

The *purohit* sent the entire contents of the jar for examination and was told that there was neither a grain of gold nor a single precious stone in the entire lot. He had been thoroughly swindled.

In a great rage the *purohit* went to his son-in-law and demanded, "Give me back all my money. I gave it away for a potful of brass and glass."

Shiva got wild. "How dare you say that to me now? I was leading a pious life until you made me give it up, got me this fraudulent gift and put me to the yoke of family life. The deal is legally closed between us. If you sustained a loss, go and ask

Madhava for an explanation," he shouted at his father-in-law.

In utter anguish the *purohit* ran to Madhava and charged him with cheating. Madhava retorted by calling him a fool. He said, "That jug was in our possession for ages and ages. When I was face to face with death I gifted it away to a pious man. As a result of that I got back my health. What is my crime? Did I try to sell the stuff to some one at a false price? Did you give me a pie of the sale-money? Why blame me like a fool?"

Now it was clear to the *purohit* that nobody was to blame except himself. It was his own avarice that brought him this disaster.





A long time back King Chitrasen ruled the Isle of Kundalini. At the time of our story he had been on the throne for only two years. Yet, he had made every effort to see that his subjects were happy and contented and his rule rivalled *Ram Raj*. Towards this end he had cut all taxes by half.

The people were really happy that the burden of taxes was reduced. They praised their king in verse and song. The good name of King Chitrasen echoed from every corner of his island kingdom.

This was all to the good. Yet, even as the good name of the king was spreading far and wide, the treasury began to run dry. As the money dwindled in the royal coffers the administration became topsyturvy.

The chief minister was, however, a clever fellow. He had foreseen some of the consequences. He had also been warning the king time and again. Only, the king was bent upon doing good to his people and the minister's word fell upon deaf ears. So ultimately the minister had to give up.



Now the treasury was quite empty. The minister had to do something about it. So he approached the king and submitted to him respectfully, "Sire, it is true that our subjects are happy. But then, the state is bankrupt. Nothing can be done without money. I cannot discharge my duties unless I can get things done. So I request you to relieve me of my responsibility."

"Has it come to that?" the king asked in surprise.

"I hate to say this, sire. But the balance in our treasury is hardly enough to pay the gardeners of our palace. In another week the monthly payment of salaries for our administrative staff as well as the military falls due," the minister replied.

"Is that so? we shall decide something in court tomorrow. See to it that all the ministers and most of the important citizens shall attend," the king said.

The minister nodded his head but he could not guess what the king intended to do. Promulgation of new taxes was the only way of averting disaster. Holding court was going to solve no problem, the minister thought. Anyway the king had to be obeyed.

When the people heard the announcement asking everyone to attend court, they did not know what it was all about. They began to guess according to their individual fancies. Some people

actually went about saying, "Mark my words. The good king is going to do away with all taxes this time." Quite a few credulous people believed this rumour to be true.

Next day the court was filled to overflowing with the many ministers and other officials as well as many an important citizen. King Chitrasen entered the court and sat on the throne. At the king's command the chief minister addressed the gathering with these words:

"We have had the fortune of being ruled by a kind and charitable line of kings. They have always treated their subjects as their own progeny. The taxes that were levied on us have always been purely nominal. But even these have been reduced by half in the present regime, as is known to one and all of you. Now has arisen the question, how to administer the land with such meagre taxes."



Some one stood up among the crowd and asked the chief minister, "Is it necessary to tax the people in order to carry on with the administration?"

This question amazed everyone. The chief minister nearly had a fit, but he controlled himself and went on:

"Compute for yourself. What is the population of our kingdom? What would it cost to provide amenities for the entire population? The sick need medicines and treatment. Growing child-



ren require education. Any moment enemies might attack the land and our defence forces must be there to protect us. How can all these expenses be met except through taxation? Where else are we to look to for the funds to provide our people with all these amenities? It is the duty of every citizen to understand taxes and their purpose."

At this point the king interrupted the chief minister and said, "What the chief minister says is quite true. But it is a matter of

doubt whether we can restore the old taxes and collect them easily."

There were whisperings all over the court. One bold fellow stood up and said, "Your Highness, you should think twice before you increase the taxes again. For one thing it will be a great blow to the good name you have achieved far and wide. It is not a small matter that a king should go back upon his own word. Think well, Your Highness, think well!"

The king could see that there was some truth in these words. It was out of the question that he should restore the reduced taxes and lose the good name he had been earning ever since he ascended the throne. So, other ways must be found to solve the present problem.

"We certainly do not intend to go back upon a decision which was once made," he said. "The taxes shall not be enhanced, nor new taxes levied. On the

other hand the minister has explained to you the nature of the present problem. Let some one come forward with a solution."

There was a hush over the entire court. People looked at each other and saw only blank faces. The silence was broken by the commander-in-chief who stood up and said, "Your Highness, it is not very difficult to fill the coffers. There *is* a way of doing it. But, it is a matter of great secrecy and I can reveal it to Your Highness only in strict privacy."

So, a private audience of the king was granted to the commander-in-chief at ten o'clock that night in the royal gardens.

Meanwhile the courtiers wondered what was up the sleeve of the commander-in-chief. They had to content themselves with the thought that the secret would be out next day.

The commander-in-chief went to the royal gardens at the stroke



of ten and met the king. He said to the king :

"Sire, our problem is to make the people happy and establish *Ram Raj*. It is not to be hoped that we will be able to raise a pie more through taxes. That leaves us with only one choice. Let us loot other kingdoms. It is one of the legitimate rights of kingship. It is for this very purpose that armies and their commanders are maintained."

"I agree with you, Samarsen. But ours is an isle surrounded by



the ocean. Imagine for a moment how much navy and military might is required to cross the ocean and conquer foreign territory," the king said.

"Sire, I shall answer for our military might," replied Samarsen, the commander-in-chief.

"Then I leave the entire thing to you," said the king. "For conscription and other things you will be requiring the royal authority. So take the royal seal."

The commander-in-chief took the seal from the king and

departed. He assembled all his military chiefs and told them about the conversation he had with the king. They appeared to agree with the king in his doubts. But the commander-in-chief said:

"You must remember that our purpose is only to cross the ocean and loot other lands. We do not intend to conquer or subjugate them. I believe that we have enough military strength for our present purpose."

Some one objected, "But while we take away our armies abroad, the king will be left helpless in case of a people's uprising."

"In the name of Mother Kundalini, such a calamity can be very easily averted," said an old veteran. "An internal revolution is bound to be headed by the youth. We must conscript all the young fellows."

This was considered a wise measure. A proclamation was

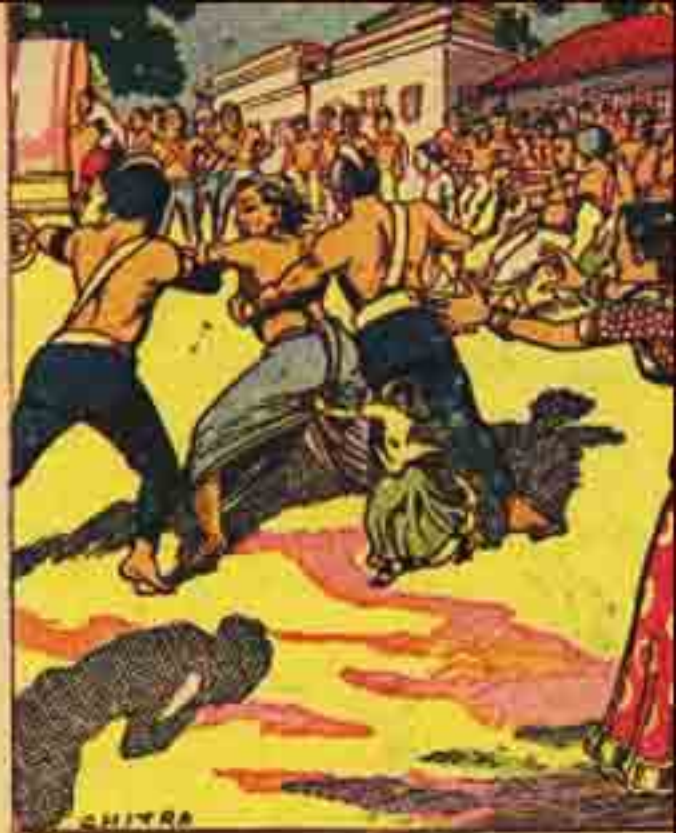
at once drawn up conscripting all male citizens between fifteen and forty and the royal seal was put to it.

The next day onwards military officers went round the various villages with copies of the proclamation and drafted all available young men into the army. Not all, however, joined willingly. "For heaven's sake, don't draft us and take us away from our kith and kin. We would rather pay taxes to any extent," they pleaded, in vain.

While those who voluntarily joined in the army went along with the officers, those who protested and resisted were tied hand and foot and dragged away mercilessly.

Some people went on a deputation to the king and complained against the conscription.

"It cannot be helped," said the king. "Some of you have already praised me in song and verse for my considerateness in



reducing taxes. If I enhance them again you will again write songs and verses, abusing me this time. You know that we never go back upon our decision. What we have decided upon shall take place."

The conscription was over and one auspicious day the armies got into the military vessels. Just as the king said, "Start", to the troop-carrying vessels, some one saw a mighty comet in the south-eastern direction. Its head was glowing bright like the

moon and its enormous tail was flung across the sky.

Soon every one was gazing at it. Awe-struck, some of them said, "An ill-omen!"

The court-astrologer too considered this as a bad omen and suggested that the boats should postpone their voyage and a more propitious time be chosen.

The commander-in-chief scoffed at this and said, "I never heard such nonsense in my life. We have got the bravest soldiers in the world. What harm can the comet do to them?"

The astrologer tried to persist but to no purpose. The king himself was inclined to agree with the commander-in-chief and the astrologer had to retreat.

As for the anxiety of the soldiers, no one was bothered about it.

As a matter of fact there was no time to lose. An expedition like this was bound to take a lot of time. The commander-in-chief had a big task before him. He had to cross the ocean, fight his way into other countries, loot them and come back. Then only could the coffers be filled and the economic crisis averted. That was the reason why the commander-in-chief ignored the ill-omen. The king too supported him for the same reason.

Finally, the commander-in-chief gave the order and the ships, setting sail, headed south-east in the direction of the comet.

(To be continued)





COURAGE

IN a certain village there was a shepherd who had hundreds of goats but no land. Thinking that these goats would menace their fields, the villagers warned the shepherd that he should leave the village or buy some land.

So the shepherd raised a loan and bought a small strip of land. This plot was so barren that nothing but maize could be sown in it. It turned out that even the maize crop the shepherd raised in it was very poor.

After some time the shepherd's sight began to fail and his young son took charge of the field.

One day the three deities of Harvest, Wealth and Courage came by the shepherd's field, arguing as to which one of them was the most powerful.

"Look at this field," said the goddess of Harvest, "If only it yields a good harvest this shepherd boy will not have a single problem. I shall enter the field and make it rich." So saying, she sat in the maize field.

"I am the real benefactor of mankind. See what I can do to this poor boy," said the goddess of Wealth. She turned herself into a bag of money and waited by the path.

"All your efforts are useless if I sit upon his head," said the goddess of Courage. She at once sat upon the shepherd boy's head.

When Harvest sat in it, the field was completely transformed. Maize stocks of enormous height stood thick in the field, their heads bent down with huge ears



strip of land at any price. His blind father agreed to sell it if only there was anyone to buy it.

The boy returned to the field and saw a stranger gazing at the unique maize crop. He was a trader. He saw many countries but nowhere did he see maize of such quality. He approached the shepherd boy, learnt that the field belonged to him and offered to buy it at a good price. Prompted by the goddess of Wealth who was trying her best to do good to the boy, the trader offered to keep the boy in his service on a monthly pay.

The trader emptied all his carts and filled them with the unique maize, leaf, stalk and ear. He took the boy with him and proceeded on his journey.

Presently the caravan reached a city. The trader took specimens of his maize to the king and said, "Perhaps Your Highness never saw maize the like of this. I have plenty of it. I shall part with a cart-load in exchange for an elephant with a howdah. If this corn were to be

of corn. But the young shepherd got frightened at the sight, because Courage was sitting on his head. He started home to report to his father that a strange disease had overtaken the maize.

The boy took the path by which lay the bag of money. But he said to himself, "Let me see how far I can walk with my eyes shut." He did not open his eyes until he passed the bag of money.

Reaching home, the boy told his father that the crop was ruined by some pest and suggested that they should sell the

planted in your kingdom, your people need never starve."

The king took one cartload of the corn and gave the trader an elephant in exchange. The trader sold another cartload to some of the rich landlords of the city. With this money he dressed the boy in royal brocade, so that he looked like a prince. The trader put him on the elephant and proceeded on. He told every one, on the way, that the young man riding the elephant was the king of the Land of Gold and that he was his minister. Thus they arrived at the next city.

The king of that place was already aware of the coming of the king and his minister from the Land of Gold and received them with great pomp and honour. He put them up in the Palace of Mirrors and treated them grandly.

After food and rest the trader took the boy to the king's court. He said, "In our kingdom even the poorest land yields such golden maize. That is why one can see nothing but gold anywhere in our land."

The king and queen thought that it would be nice if they





could marry their daughter to this King of Gold. When they made this suggestion to the trader, he said that he would find out his king's mind.

Back at the lodge the trader told the boy, "you are to marry the king's daughter." The boy refused in horror, saying that the regal ladies were shrews.

"Scoundrel! You forget that you are my hireling. Disobey me and I shall break your bones," said the trader. He went back to the king and reported that his king consented

to the marriage. "But," he warned the king, "the marriage shall take place according to the customs prevailing in our land."

On the day of marriage a palanquin was sent to the Palace of Mirrors to fetch the bridegroom. The boy was carried out of the house, tied hand and foot, and was dumped in the palanquin by four servants. This was taken to be one of the customs of the Land of Gold.

The marriage ceremony over the bridegroom was sent to the bridal chamber.

The trader told the king, "Two soldiers shall wait outside the chamber with drawn swords and threaten to kill the bridegroom if he tries to escape before the bride arrives." This too was taken to be one of the queer customs of the Land of Gold.

Looking round the gorgeously decorated and brilliantly lit bed-chamber, the shepherd boy thought that it must be the temple of the Goddess to whom he was going to be sacrificed.

He tried to run away but the man at the gate showed him the sword and frightened him.

The princess arrived and he thought it was the Goddess.

"Here she comes to gobble me up!" he said. In desperation he gave the princess a mighty push and bolted out of the room.

When he reached the lodge, the trader gave him a sound thrashing and said, "Worthless wretch! I marry the princess to you and you run away from her!"

Next day the king sent for the trader and asked him, "What made your king so angry with my daughter that he pushed her away and left her?"

"Don't you know that rain poured down like elephant trunks last night?" said the trader. "Naturally the king was indignant that such a time was chosen for him to meet the bride."

The king order his *purohita* to be whipped for this blunder and demanded that they fix a better *muhurat* for the consummation of his daughter's marriage with the King of Gold.



The *purohita* apologised for their mistake and fixed another *muhurat* the next night. But once again the shepherd boy ran away from his bride and got thrashed by the trader. Once again the trader was put to the trouble of answering the king.

"Your *purohita* seem to be ignorant fools. Last night it appears that rain fell like elephant heads," the trader told the king.

The *purohita* were again chastised and they fixed another *muhurat*, the very best one, the third night.

"If you run back to night I shall certainly cut off your head and go my way," the trader warned the shepherd youth.

"Either the Goddess eats me or the trader kills me. One way or the other I am fated to die to night," the shepherd thought as he sat awaiting the princess.

You must remember that the goddess of Courage was still sitting upon the poor shepherds' head. She now turned to her two companions and asked them, "Is there any more good you can do to this poor fool?"

The goddesses of Harvest and Wealth accepted defeat and begged their companion to save their protege and she came down from the head of the shepherd youth. Just then the princess stepped into the chamber.

There was a remarkable change in the shepherd. He got up on seeing the princess and approached her. He accosted her courteously and made formal inquiries about her health and so on. The princess was very glad to find her husband so decorous and cultured.

Thanks to the goddess of Courage the poor shepherd boy now became a prince and the husband of a princess. He settled in the same place and became king after his father-in-law. The trader became his minister and served his master faithfully.

Ever since, the goddesses of Harvest and Wealth walk only behind the goddess of Courage. Those whom the goddess of Courage avoids the goddesses of Harvest and Wealth also avoid.





PRAVARA'S WIFE

IN Kashmir there was once a rich and noble youth called Pravara. He started on a pilgrimage to see the world. Unfortunately one day he fell into the hands of robbers who robbed him even of his clothes. Dressing himself in the discarded clothes of the robbers, Pravara walked many days without food or sleep and at last reached a strange city.

It was night. Pravara was too proud to beg for food or shelter. No one offered him what he was ashamed to ask. He reached the king's stables near the city wall, found a pial nearby and lay down on it. At once he was overcome with sleep.

King Jayasena ruled this city. He had a charming and intelligent daughter called Kanchanavalli. On her attaining womanhood the king stopped her studies and fixed up her marriage. The princess was not in favour of this marriage. She had always wanted to marry one who was her match in all respects. Rather than agree to this marriage, she wanted to run away from home, see the wide world, find a worthy man and marry him.

To run away from home she needed help. The minister's son was her co-student and a close friend of hers. So the princess secretly sent word to him, in-



ed down the city wall by the help of a chain and came to the stables. It was very dark and she thought it was the minister's son that was sleeping on the pial. She woke him up rudely saying, "Get up! How can you sleep when there is so much to do? Go at once and bring two horses. We must be going."

Pravara woke up heavy with sleep. He brought two horses from the stable. The princess got upon one of them and led the way asking him to follow her on the other. They travelled all night without a stop. The princess wanted to be as far away from home as possible before daybreak. She thought she could explain things to her companion next morning.

By morning they arrived near a tank. Imagine the surprise of the princess when she turned to her companion and found that he was a total stranger. He looked more like a thief than anything

structing him to wait for her near the stables with a couple of horses that very night. The minister's son was ready to help her but he was prevented from doing so because his father insisted that he too should attend a dance performance which was arranged at the palace.

This same performance helped the princess to escape. She pretended to have a headache. When the royal family was engrossed in the dance, she climb-

else. She realised her mistake and felt like shedding tears. But there was no going back. Her father would order her to be killed mercilessly.

The princess sat down on the ground and looked away from Pravara. Pravara did not attempt to speak to her. He broke a couple of twigs from a tree and threw one of them before her so that she could brush her teeth. In silence they finished their ablutions, mounted their horses and rode on till they came to a river.

A ferry-boat was about to cross the river. An aged woman was entreating the boatman to take her on the boat free of charge and the boatman was insisting on payment. Since Pravara too had no money with him, he looked at his companion. The princess threw a gold coin at his feet. Pravara gave this coin to the boatman and told the old woman to come along.



After crossing the river the old lady thanked Pravara. She mistook the couple to be wife and husband and offered herself as a cook to them.

"All right, granny. You can share our fate," Pravara told the imploring woman.

By noon they reached a city called Helanagar. They went to a choultry, had food and rested there for the day. Next morning Pravara went to the market place and offered to give the merchants

daily predictions which would be profitable to them. A few merchants bought his predictions and he went back with some food stuffs. The old woman cooked nice food and all the three ate it.

The next day more merchants bought Pravara's predictions for the day and they considered him a man of worth. Pravara had enough money now to take a house and live independently.

Accidentally one of the merchants one day found that Pra-

vara was an expert in diamonds. He gave him a job on a decent monthly salary.

Life was now very happy for the three of them. Only "granny" wondered why the wife and husband never exchanged a single word. Being a wise old woman she told herself, "who can penetrate the mysteries of married life?"

One day a trader from the south brought an extraordinary diamond to the king of the city and offered it for a crore rupees.



The king desired to possess this beautiful gem but he wanted to have the opinion of experts before paying such a huge price.

So the diamond merchants of the place were called to the palace. They saw the diamond by turns and estimated its price variously from 75 lakhs to two crores. When it was Pravara's turn, he too examined the gem carefully and said, "This diamond is worth exactly one rupee. Of course, that is the charge for cutting it. As for the material it is utterly worthless."

This was a terrible slap in the face for the trader from the south. His reputation was shattered. He shouted, "You should not say such things without proving them."

To prove what he said Pravara dashed the diamond against an iron plate and it was shattered into a thousand bits.

The king was impressed by the wisdom of Pravara. That very



day he appointed him as one of his advisers. Pravara justified the king's choice by giving him wise counsel on several occasions. A short while later the king's minister died and Pravara was given the post as there was none else more suited for it.

After Pravara became minister his private affairs became subject of general gossip. One day the royal washerwoman told the queen that the minister's wife was an uncommonly beautiful



lady. The queen in her turn told this to the king. Pravara was a common man before he was made a minister. How could a common man have an uncommonly beautiful wife? This puzzled the king. Also, he wanted to see how beautiful his minister's wife really was.

To satisfy his curiosity the king devised a plan. One day he invited his minister to dine with him. The queen herself was made to prepare the food

and serve it. Pravara understood the king's intention. He must do to the king what the king did to him. He could invite the king for dinner. But how could he ask a strange lady to prepare food and attend upon his guest?

Not knowing what to do, Pravara went home that night and lay in his bed. When "granny" told him to come for food he said, "I am not hungry."

The princess guessed that something was troubling Pravara and that it concerned herself. She said to the old woman, "Tell him, granny, that if there is anything to be done, it will be done. Why should he go without food and worry himself?"

Hearing these words Pravara was greatly relieved. He sat before his meal and said, "Granny, today the king gave me a dinner. It was prepared and served by the queen herself. Is it not proper that we return the king's hospitality?"

"Tell him, granny," said the princess, "that I too can prepare and serve good dishes. I shall not lag behind the queen."

Next day the king was invited to dine at the minister's house. The princess prepared very good dishes. She served them to the king and went away. Before coming back for re-serving, she changed her clothes, ornaments and even her hair-style, so that the king believed that two different women attended upon him.

The king went home and told his wife. "Our minister has *two* wives. Both are such beauties!" The queen had a great desire to see them. So she suggested to the King, "*Ardhodaya* is at hand. Let us invite our minister and his wives to accompany us, that day, to the sea. They too can take part in the ceremony of bathing-couples."

Accordingly the king extended an invitation to his minister to accompany him to the sea with



his wives on the *Ardhodaya* day.

Pravara was now in a worse plight than before. Preparing and serving food to a guest was one thing and taking part in the ceremony of bathing-couples was another. How could he make such a request to the lady who was not his lawful wife?

Pravara came home and lay down tormented by this problem. When the old lady came and called him to eat, he replied that he was not hungry.

The princess said, "Ask him, granny, how it is that he loses his appetite so frequently. Does he not know that those who helped him once can help him again, if necessary. He who protects can order too. Is it not so?"

Pravara stopped worrying and sat before his meal. He told "granny" about the king's invitation.

"Let him accept the invitation, granny. Let seven closed palanquins be ordered and seven sets

of clothing and jewellery got ready. Let them set up a tent with seven entrances on the beach. Everything will be in order," the princess said.

On the *Ardhodaya* day seven closed Palanquins accompanied the minister's palanquin. Only one of them contained the princess, Kanchanavalli. The seven palanquins were set down behind the tent with seven entrances. From the first entrance of the tent the princess stepped forth and joined the minister on the



beach. They tied their clothes together according to the custom and bathed together. Then the princess went back to the tent. Soon she came out of the second entrance dressed and looking like a different person and repeated the ceremony with the minister. She did this seven times.

The king and queen who were watching this thought that seven different ladies came out of the tent and bathed with the minister. Each one of them was a great beauty!

The next day the queen sent seven sets of gifts for the seven wives of the minister through her maid and instructed her to find out the names of all the seven ladies. The maid arrived at the minister's house and requested for an interview with the minister's wives.

On instructions from the princess "granny" met the queen's maid and said, "I am afraid the queen made a mistake.



The minister has *eight* wives. One of them could not go to the sea because she was unwell. Their names are the same as those of the eight wives of Lord Krishna. They avoid one another and you have to meet them one by one."

The queen's maid ran back and returned with an extra gift. The princess came to her eight times, each time in a different dress and conversed with her, each time in a different voice and accent.



A few days later the princess instigated "granny" to serve food in excess while Pravara was eating.

He protested to the old lady, "What is the matter with you today, granny? Do you think that I have a bigger stomach today? Why are you serving me so much food?"

"Tell him, granny", said the princess mischievously, "that, if he cannot eat all the food, there are others to finish off what he leaves over."

Now Pravara understood how the young lady was disposed towards him. When the princess brought him *pan* after food, he asked her, "when are we going to get married?"

She replied, "I left home in order to find a husband worthy of me. In that very instant God has presented you before me. But I was blind and mistook a gem for a glass bead. I followed you only out of helplessness. You never even looked at me. Can I hope to meet a nobler man! You were not aware of it, but in my mind I have been your wife for a long time now."

Pravara was very happy to hear this. He took the first opportunity of informing the king about his coming marriage. The king heard to the full story of Pravara's wife with unconcealed wonder and at last exclaimed, "What an extraordinary woman!"





NOBLEST CREED

Taxila, or Takshasila, on the banks of the Vitasata was once ruled by King Kalingadutt. He was a follower of Buddhism. But in his kingdom there were several who advocated the Vedic religion. The king never forced his subjects to adopt the Buddhist creed. Only when people voluntarily approached him he used to initiate them.

Among those who thus adopted the Buddhist creed was one rich merchant called Vitastadutt. But his son, Ratnadutt, was an ardent believer of the Vedic cult. So, he was always condemning and cursing his father.

"You are a sinner. You have strayed away from the virtuous Vedic path and adopted atheist

creeds. Instead of worshipping Brahmans you take to beggar-worship. This accursed religion is for those who do not bathe properly, who eat any time of the day, who lead a life of ease without let or hindrance, lounging in the *viharas* along with loafers of all castes and communities. How could you take to it?" Ratnadutt would ask his father.

And the father would reply with a great pain in his heart: "Son, you seem to think that external symbols are the true creed. Do you believe that real Brahmanism is that which is inherited? To control one's emotions, to practise the virtues of Truth and Ahimsa—that is true Brahmanism. Why do you always

abuse and curse this noble creed which offers protection to all living creatures? You should develop tolerance and charity."

But Ratnadutt whose heart was full of hatred did not listen to his father's words. His attitude to his father grew from bad to worse.

One day Vitastadutt went to the king and told him all about his son.

The king said to him, "On some pretext or other you bring your son to me. I shall see what can be done with him."

The very next day Vitastadutt came to the king accompanied by his son, Ratnadutt. The king pretended to be enraged at the mere sight of Ratnadutt. He shouted to his servants, "Seize this traitor and behead him at once."

Ratnadutt listened to this and shivered with fear and dismay.

His father pleaded before the king, "I beg Your Highness to consider well before acting."

The king seemed to relent a bit. He said, "Well, then I shall postpone the punishment for two



months. At the end of that him you bring him to me. You can now take him home."

Ratnadutt pondered well in his mind as to what crime he could have done towards the king, that he should order him to be beheaded. However much he thought he could not find any reason for the king's anger. Day or night, he could not forget the impending death and he was greatly agitated in his mind. He could neither eat nor sleep and, at the end of two months, he was so emaciated that he appeared to be more dead than alive.

At the end of the two months Vitastadutt took his son to the court and presented him before the king.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the king, seeing the woeful

condition of Ratnadutt. "Are you not eating food? I never ordered that you should go without food!"

"Your Highness," replied Ratnadutt in anguish, "when you commanded that I should be killed you also commanded that I should neither eat nor sleep. Fear of death has brought me to this state."

"So now you know what fear of death is! Like you, every living thing desires life. Now, tell me if anything can be nobler than the creed of preserving precious life," the king said.

These words of the king brought wisdom to Ratnadutt. He at once fell upon the king's feet and begged him to initiate him into the Buddhist creed. The king gladly did so.



CHIKKA THE ROBBER

Once there was a robber ;
Chikka was his name.
A wily thief was he ;
Enormous was his fame.

In his native town
There was a temple fine ;
The fearsome goddess, Naga
Was worshipped at that shrine.

Chikka the robber saw
The jewels costly and rare



In the ancient temple
Glistening before him there!

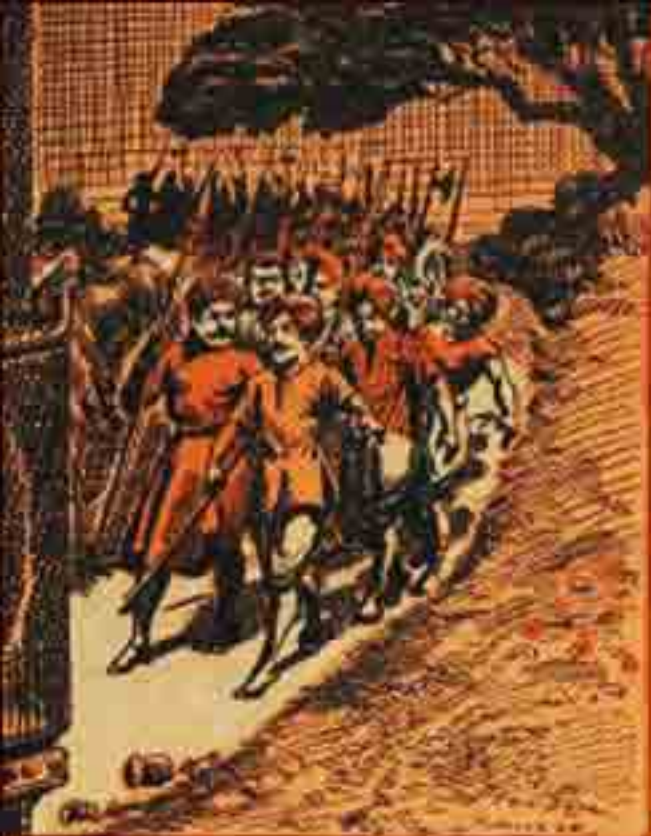
"Let night and darkness come ;
Let people to sleep retire.
Then I'll rob these jewels."
Thought Chikka breathing fire.

Night and darkness came ;
People to sleep retired.
Chikka rifled the shrine ;
But the door was locked outside.

It was the temple guard
Who woke at the midnight hour



Story Poem



In mortal fear they fled,
Far who will wish to die?
Was she indeed the goddess?
No, it was none other than
Chikka the robber who
Scared the brave king's men.
He gathered the golden loot
And laughing went his way;
The guard from a distance saw
The thief and wept all day!

And finding a stranger inside
Locked the temple door.

Shouting alarm he ran
And the town woke up at once;
All the king's men came out
Each with a sword and a lance.

They reached the temple gate
And broke open the door!
When lo! before them stood
The terrible goddess of yore.

"Om Om Kali Om"
They heard her shrill voice cry!





A FAMILY OF PANDITS

IN the city of Amaravati there was a poor family consisting of a Brahman, his wife, their son and daughter-in-law. All the four were pandits and poets. So the people used to call them the pandit-family.

The pangs of poverty are hard to bear. Having heard that King Bhoja was inclined to help pandits and poets, the pandit-family undertook a journey to the city of Dhara (now known as Ujjain). As they came in sight of their destination they met an old Brahman with a heavy bundle on his shoulder coming towards

them from the city.

"Where are you all going to?" the old Brahman asked the elder pandit, the head of the family.

"We are going to see King Bhoja who is well-versed in all the *Vedas* and the *Puranas*," replied the elder pandit.

"You say the king is well-versed. But I doubt if he knows how to read at all. If he could read the curse of poverty that Fate has inscribed on my forehead, would he have given me so much wealth?"

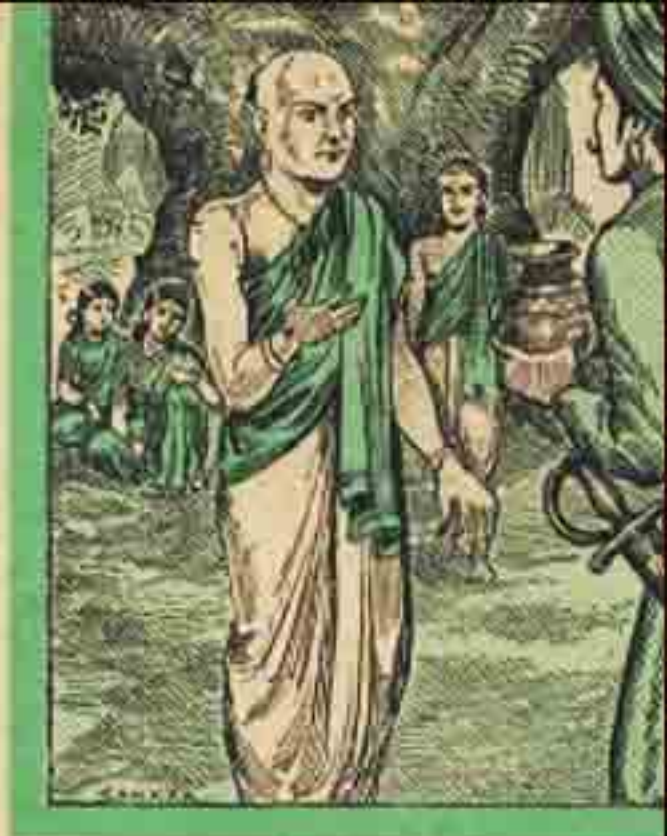
Having thus complimented the great charity of King Bhoja, the

old man departed. The pandit-family was glad to see this proof of the king's philanthropy. Evidently he did not look down on the poor.

Before any outsiders entered the city they had to obtain permission from the Court. So the pandit-family made their camp under a spreading banyan tree just outside the city-walls and sent word to the king.

After some time a messenger came to see them. He carried a tumbler filled to the brim with milk and offered it to the elder Brahman as a gift from the king to the pandit-family.

Through this gift the king meant to convey to the new-comers that the city was already full of pandits and there was no room for any more. The elder Brahman understood this. He added some sugar to the milk



and told the messenger, "Take it back to the king." The Brahman wanted to convey to the king that the new-comers would mix with the pandits of the city as sugar mixed with milk. Also they could add new sweetness. The king understood the Brahman and was very glad.

The king desired to test the pandit-family some more. He dressed himself like an ordinary citizen and reached the banyan

tree about the time of sunset. He saw only the ladies there. He went to the river expecting the males to be there at their evening prayers. However he saw only the Brahman's son at the river. The king looked at him questioningly, and taking some water in his hands, drank it. In doing so the king was asking the young Brahman, "Are you not the same caste as the great Brha-

man Agastya, who drank down all the oceans at one gulp?"

The young Brahman understood this silent question and asked in return another by throwing a stone into the water. His question was, "Are you not a Kshatriya like Sree Rama who bridged the ocean by throwing stones in it?"

King Bhoja was very much pleased at this and went home.



He was still anxious to learn the poetic gifts the family possessed. So he dressed himself as a wood-cutter, took a bundle of fire-wood upon his head and came out of the city gates as they were about to be closed.

He approached the pandit-family resting under the banyan tree and said to the elder Brahman, "Sir, I tarried too long in the forest. Now the city gates are closed. Let me spend the night here. I shall go away in the morning."

The elder Brahman agreed, saying, "You are welcome. This place is nobody's property."

All of them could not go to sleep for fear of thieves. So the family decided to keep awake by turns while the rest slept. The first one to keep watch was the elder Brahman. During his watch



the king spoke out where he lay :

" In this unhappy world

Three things are deemed pleasant,"

And the elder Brahman replied :

" Life in Kasi, serving the good

And taking the name of God."

After a time the elder Brahman woke up his wife and went to sleep. During her watch the king said where he lay :

" In this unhappy world

Two things are deemed pleasant,"

The Brahman's wife replied :

*" The sweet-meat made of sugar
And the holy feet of God."*

Presently the son took over the watch from his mother and the king said where he lay :

*" In this unhappy world
Pleasant is the wife's birthplace."*

The young Brahman replied :

*" Shiva lies on Snow Hill,
Vishnu on the Ocean of Milk."*

(Lord Shiva's wife was the daughter of the king of Himalaya and Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu was born out of the Milky Ocean. Both Shiva and Vishnu have made their wives' birthplaces their residence.)

During the last watch the dawn, when the day in-law was awake the king where he lay :

*" In this unhappy world
Woman is the only pleasure."*

The young girl shrewdly guessed that the wood-cutter was none other than King Bhoja and replied :

*" She who gave birth to one
Like you, O King Bhoja."*

The king at once got up and went home in the dark.

Early next morning the family had an invitation from the king. He honoured each one of them in his very best manner and gave them all permanent employment in his court.

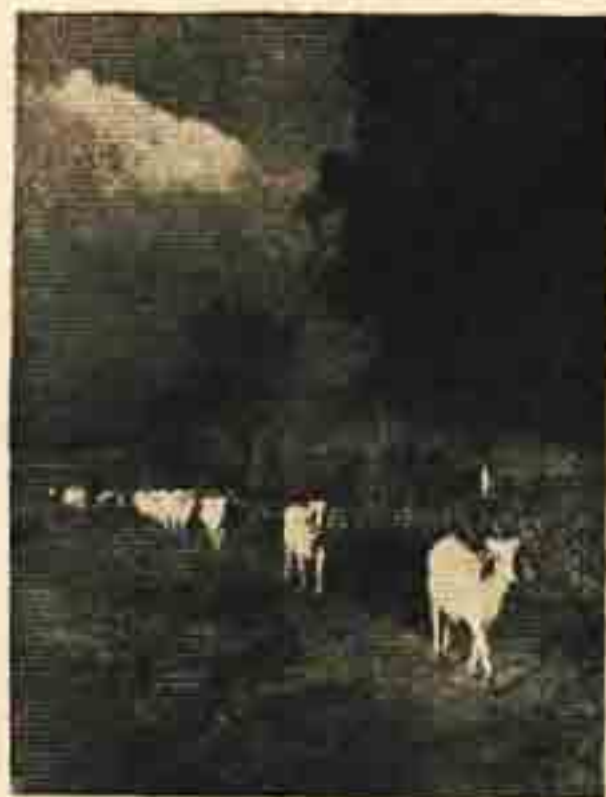


PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION :: AWARD Rs. 10/-

You will find on the inside covers of this number two photos for which the captions are supplied by us. In the August issue also you will find a pair of photos on the inside covers for which we will supply the captions.

But from September issue onwards you will supply the best possible pair of captions for the photos appearing on the inside covers of "Chandamama".

Photos for the September 1955 Issue



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 20th of July '55.

- ★ The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition", Madras-26.



THE MOON

- * Our magazine is named after Uncle Moon. So let us learn some facts about the real moon in the sky.
- * The moon goes round our earth in an orbit which is 1,500,680 miles long. This orbit is not perfectly round. At times the moon comes as near as 221,600 miles and goes as far as 252,970 miles.
- * In this orbit the moon moves at a speed of 2,288 miles an hour, completing one round in 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes and 11 seconds.
- * The moon has a diameter of 2,163 miles and a circumference of 6,795 miles. Its surface area is 14,660,000 square miles. Its weight is 78,000,000,000,000 000,000 tons.
- * Moon shines by the sunlight that falls on it. We get about 17% of this sunlight as moon light. The light of the sun is 618,000 times stronger than the light from the full moon.
- * The moon is full of wide craters. The biggest of them is called Ptolemy and is 115 miles wide. The deepest crater is called Theophilus and is 19,000 feet deep. The highest visible peak on the moon is called Leibnitz. Its height is 24,970 feet.
- * The gravitational pull of the moon is about one-sixth that of the earth and an object that would weigh 6 lbs. on earth would weigh only a lb. on the moon.
- * Both heat and cold are much more severe on the moon than on the earth. Its day temperature is about 200° and the night temperature 200° below freezing.
- * Seen through the biggest telescope on earth the moon appears as seen from a distance of only 25 miles.
- * The bodies that circle round the sun are called planets and the bodies that circle round the planets satellites. Our earth is a planet and the moon is its satellite.

THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL - I

ONCE upon a time, there lived on a mountainside in China, a young farmer named Chuang. He was a very nice boy. He worked hard all the year round. He earned enough to live comfortably. But most of his earnings were taken away by the wicked emperor in the shape of taxes. So he was left poor. He could not take a wife and have the comforts of a family. He was doomed to permanent poverty and loneliness.

When his friends saw Chuang they would sing :

*"The Emperor's barns are bursting full,
Poor Chuang hasn't a penny.
The Emperor has wives by scores and dozens,
Poor Chuang hasn't any."*

An artist saw the misery of Chuang and painted a life-size picture of a beautiful girl. He thought the picture would give the young man some pleasure. He put it up on a wall inside Chuang's house, so that it brightened the home and made it look less lonely.

Chuang fell in love with the girl on the wall. She looked so nice and so real. She seemed to be keeping him company. He looked upon her as his own wife. When he went out to the fields next morning he looked at the painting and thought, "How nice it would be if only she could cook for me!"



NEWS ITEMS

The Hindu Marriage Bill, 1955, an important part of the Hindu Code, has obtained the President's assent and become law since 19th May. According to this law monogamy is the rule for the entire Hindu Community. Divorce is also permitted under certain conditions.

* * *

It is estimated that 1,480 crores may be spent upon Indian Railways under the Second Five-Year Plan. This is more than three-and-a-half times the amount spent during the First Plan. The total amount to be spent under the Second Plan is 6,300 crores.

* * *

In May an All-India Mango show was held in Bombay. Nearly 1,000 exhibits were displayed. Over 130 prizes were given away. Shri S. V. Sitaramaswamy of Bobbili, who sent about 100 exhibits got the most important prizes including the Rajpramukh of PEPSU Trophy.

* * *

Recently two Himalayan Peaks were conquered by different expeditions. Kanchanjunga, the third highest peak in the world was conquered by a British expedition led by Dr. Charles Evans, on May 25. A French expedition led by M. Jean Franco conquered Makalu peak, the fifth highest in the world, on May 26.



"Kashmir Princess" an Air India International Constellation plane was destroyed on the eve of the Bandung Conference, near Sarawak. An inquiry about the accident revealed that the plane was destroyed by sabotage through a time-bomb explosion.

By the Presidents' order a new Ministry of Iron and Steel was constituted on May 29. Shri T. T. Krishnamachari who was in charge of Commerce and Industry has been put in charge of the new Ministry.

70,000 railway men in the United Kingdom started a strike at midnight of May 28-29. On the night of May 31, Queen Elizabeth declared a state of emergency to keep the vital services running in face of the strike.

Former French areas of Pondicherry, Karaikal, Mahe and Yanam will be electing an Assembly for the Pondicherry State. There are 1,60,000 voters and they will elect 39 members to the Assembly. They will also elect 200 members to the various municipal councils in the four territories. It is decided that the elections shall take place in the third week of July.

Prime Minister Nehru started for the Soviet Union on June 4 accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi. On his way he touched Cairo (Capital of Egypt), Prague (Capital of Czechoslovakia) and reached Moscow on June 7, where he had a great welcome. He will tour the Soviet Union for two weeks.

Recently Nehru's book "Discovery of India" has been translated into Russian.



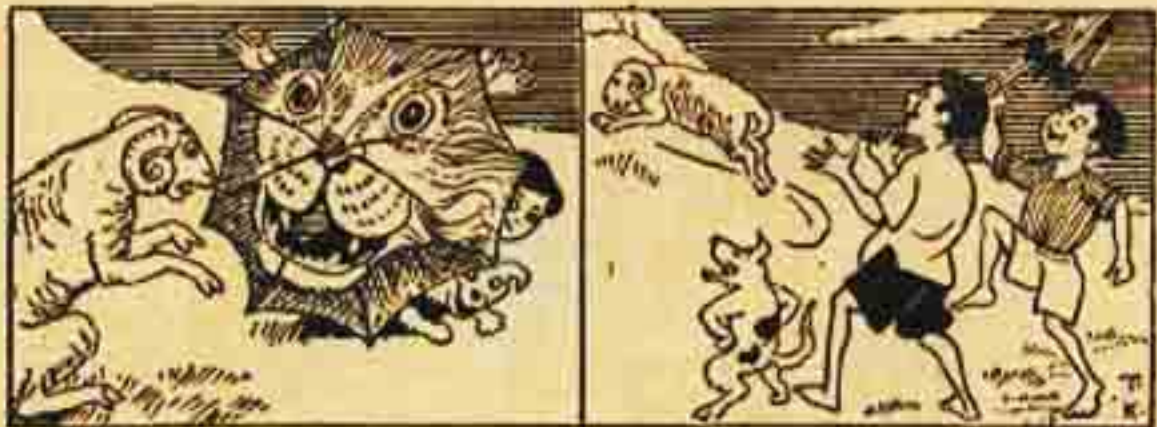
Picture Story

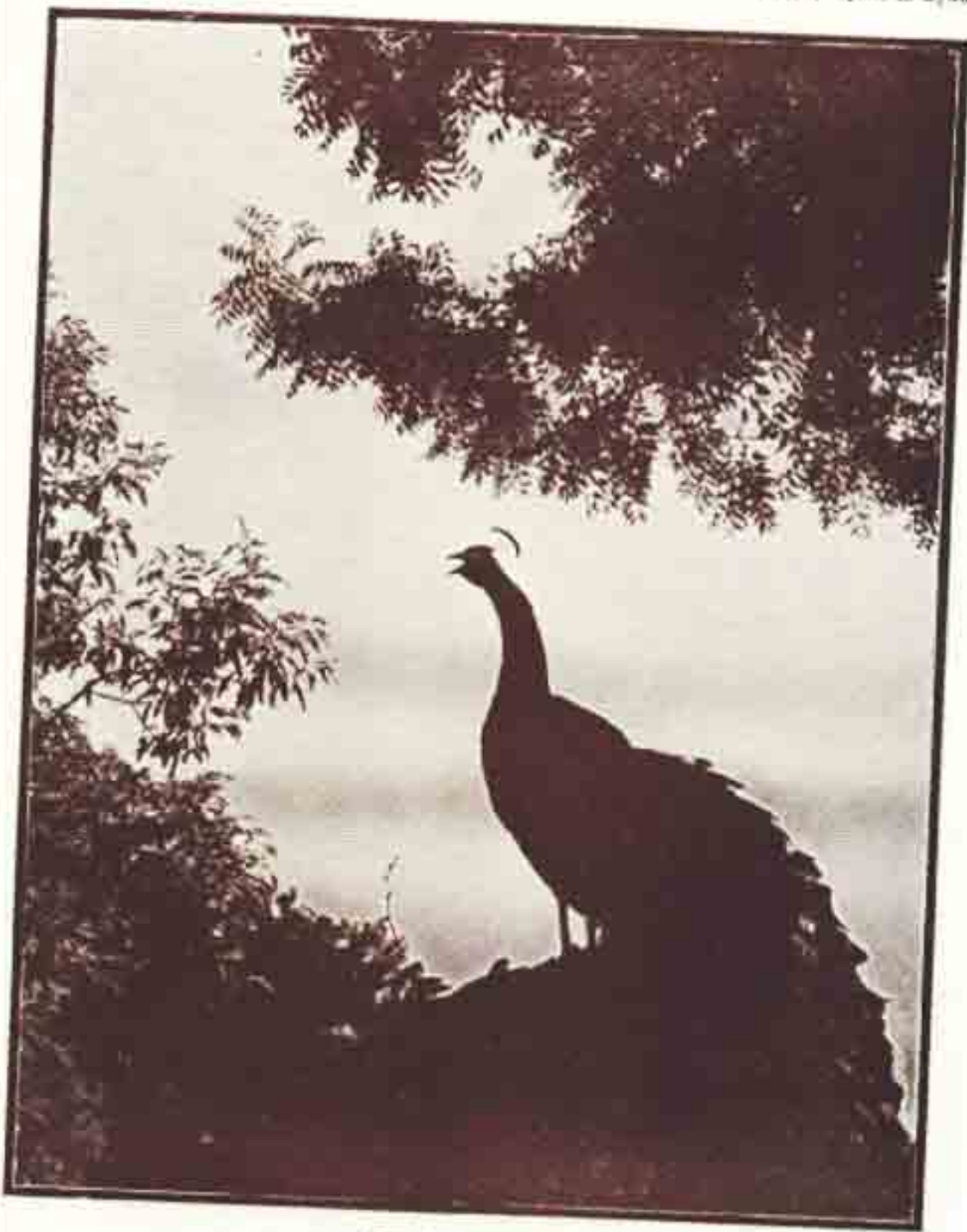


One evening Dass and Vass went to the meadows for a walk. Their dog 'Tiger' accompanied them carrying an umbrella in its mouth, in case it should rain. All the three sat on the green grass.

A big, bad ram which was grazing nearby saw them and got angry. 'How dare these kids come and sit here while I am having my lunch! I shall frighten them out of their wits,' the big, bad ram thought. It lowered its head and charged at them.

Promptly Dass and Vass took the umbrella from 'Tiger,' unfolded it and showed it to the ram. It was the big, bad ram that was frightened out of its wits. It turned back and ran away for dear life.





JOY OF LIBERTY



THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL - I